



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
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Editor.

The gravest Boat is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is no fun being a
father to two such prodigal sons as the C. P.
R. Syndicate and the Province of Quebec.
Poor old Sir John is proving this at the pre-
sent moment. The former is a rather reckless
speculator, and by a series of unfortunate
deals made on the strength of the pile he got
in the first place, has been obliged to come
back to the paternal treasury for a slight tem-
porary loan of thirty millions or so. The lat-
ter is a disreputable spendthrift, who has no
excuse to offer for being in poverty; whose
portion has been squandered in all manner
of riotous living. As a judicious father it
cannot be doubted Sir John would send this
young scamp to the right about with his
impudent demand, but what is the most judi-
cious father to do when there is a pistol held
to his head? His demand must be satisfied
and of course it will be. This is what the old
man gets for bringing up his boys in the way
they shouldn't go, and the only pity is that
the punishment falls on people outside of
this happy family.

FIRST PAGE.—Nothing is better calculated
to encourage the growth of democracy in this
Province than the senseless waste of time over
the speech from the "throne" in our Legis-
lative Assembly. The speech in reply and the
debate thereon have this session occupied a
week of valuable time, for which the province

pays dearly. And what does it all amount to
—a veritable soap-bubble. If this is a ne-
cessary part of the monarchical system, the
sooner it is abolished and replaced by some-
thing more in accord with practical common
sense the better.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Meredith has thrown
his dagger on the floor! The tragic theatri-
cals he indulged in on the stump have culmi-
nated in action. He vowed he would impeach
Mr. Pardee for "High Crimes and Misdemean-
ors" against the Election Laws, both in the
Courts and the House, and he has kept his
word. A writ has been served and a motion
made! The trembling culprit is on his way
to trial; the *Mail* dances for joy, and the min-
istry shake in their boots! We calmly await
the fun.

PUTTING ON HEIRS.

In the *Mail* of January 30, a Mr. Scott an-
nounces his wife has blessed him with a son
and heir. The happy father also makes the
somewhat general request, "English papers
please copy." It is to be hoped that the heir
to all the Scotts will keep up the dignity and
importance of the family, which is, no doubt,
great, and will be heralded throughout the
length and breadth of the land, if the English
papers will only "please copy."

THE REDSKIN'S REVENGE.

The Indians on the Reserve near Brantford
have passed a ukase.

It declares a person named Mackenzie too
truly bad to any longer enjoy the freedom of
their city, as it were.

In other words, they have prohibited Mr.
Mackenzie from entering on their land at any
time.

Mr. Mackenzie's offence was writing a letter
to the papers commenting on an alleged in-
crease of crime on the Reserve, which increase
the noble redmen deny.

Mac. says he really "don't ken hoo the
Injins moc-casin out o' that."

But the Indians do, and vow they will make
his wig-wan if they catch him on their land.
They say that no bold buckskin shall insult
them with impunity.

Ven-i-son of a gun of a Scotchman tries to
arrog their finer feelings, they Kalamut tough
customer right straight.

And brave-ing mad about it.

But Mac. needn't go and drown his sorrows
In-jin.

NONE OF THAT NOW.

The *Mail* is going to have libel suit for din-
ner one day pretty soon. It all comes of pub-
lishing "an insinuating despatch," according
to what the *Globe* says. But the *Globe* is prob-
ably prejudiced about the case and makes
this mean explanation to defeat the ends of
justico and ruin the *Mail's* business. "Insin-
uating despatch", indeed! As if the *Mail*
ever "insinuated" anything! The editor
wouldn't permit it. He is not used to it. He
does not have to be, either. If there is any
libel suit in store for the *Mail*, the able editor
will see that his journal's repute for plain,
out-spoken, over-proof lying is going to be
sustained. No "insinuation," while the
dictionary holds out.

"When a girl proposes and is jilted," we
started out to observe. But one glance from
her fierce and blushing eyes conviuced us that
she didn't propose to be jilted. When she
goes for a fellow, she is going for him for
keeps.—*Chicago Sun*.



THE JOLLY MAYOR.

Air, THE JOLLY BEGGAR.—An old song in a new dress
Respectfully dedicated to J. J. Mason, Esq., Mayor
of Hamilton for 1883.

He was a jolly Mayor, an' a ovin' he was boun',
Among the poorer quarters o' famous Hamilton,
An' there he gaed a-rovin' frae morning until nicht,
An' aye he gaed a-rovin' when the frost was keen an'
bright.

Up raise the puir man's dochter,—a knock cam to the
door;

An' there she saw the Mayor, a standin' on the floor.
Quo' he, "I come a-rovin', sae dinna ye tak fricht,
What ails yer fire, it winna burn, on sic' a' bitter nicht?"

"The times are hard, we couldna' save, oor wage at be t'
is sma'";

For broken time an' sickness docked, o'or back's aye at
the wa'.

An' seekin' wark we're rovin' frae mornin' until 'icht;
But wark is scarce, we canna beg, o'or sufferin' aren't
slight."

Up spok' the jolly Mayor, an' tears were in his een,
"There's wood enow in Hamilton to warm ye a', I ween.
Ye'll starve nae mair, nor hungry gae, frae mornin' until
nicht,

An' ye sall hae baith food an' fire, for the frost is keen an'
bricht."

He saw the starvin' bairnes, wi' faces pinched an' blue;
He saw the sick wi' patient e'en, on beds that made hi-
grue;

An' aye the cry was want o' wark, frae mornin' until
nicht;

"Oh we wad wark, gin we had wark, tho' frost be snell
an' bricht."

The Mayor in the Council stood, an' wow! but he looked
braw,

"Mang Aldermen an' citizens, the mauliest o' them a',
Quo' he, "I've been a-rovin' frae mornin' until nicht,
My e'en are sick o' misery, my heart is far frae licht.

The decent puir are starvin', they've neither food nor fire,
The fell wulf stands at every door, wi' sufferin' keen an'
dire;

"I'll never dae, we a' maun stir, we live in Gospel licht,
The puir they maun be cared for, when frost's sae keen
an' bricht"

Sic rattle as Ezekiel heard, the auld dry bones amang,
Sae quickly turned to flesh and bl id, the auld, the rich,
the strang;

For Charity's warm breath divine, thawed Mammon's
frosty nicht,

And sweet humanity prevailed, frae morning until nicht.
Oh! cheerie glints the firelight noo; the bairnes, happy,
play,

In hames where cauld an' hunger crouched, wi' gaunt e'en,
yesterday;

An' mony a secret prayer goes up, whaur weans "Our
Father" pray—

God save the Mayor o' Hamilton an' lengthen long his
day.

EPILOGUE.

The Judge in yon High Court above, His e'e rins ower
the bill,

For coal an' wood an' food supplied, frae oot the public
till:

"Charge this to Me in yonder Book—Time to Eternity.
What's done unto the least of these, is chargeable to Me."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLVESTER SWITCHEM.—Shall be glad to
welcome you to our columns, and hope you
may always acquit yourself as well as you
have in this first attempt.

HENRY JUVENAL.—Much pleased to make
your acquaintance in the capacity of a writer.
Could you favor GRIP with a personal visit at
his Front street palace some fine day?

J. F., GLASGOW.—Many thanks for papers.